

of man's prerogative, woman was allowed to do all in her power to win souls into the kingdom of God. And this privilege is hers to-day. In the family, in the community, in the Sunday-school, in the prayer meeting, in the Bible class, on all occasions she is permitted to prophesy, if the delegated rights of another are not usurped. I would at any time as soon listen to Philip's daughters as to Philip himself. But Holy Ghost ministry is such a rarity now, that many even deny that such an endowment is possible in the nineteenth century. The same cardinal principle that allows you to read an essay on woman's work at a ministerial meeting, will allow you to prophesy on other occasions, and on other themes. The Spirit that urges to witness for Jesus will also give wisdom as to time and place. We must not usurp authority on the one hand, nor be jealous on the other. Foot and hand can serve the head with equal acceptance. Tryphena and Tryphosa can "labor in the Lord" as well as Asyncritus, Phlegon, Philologus, and Nersus. Rom. 16: 12-15. Women were the first to proclaim the finished work of redemption in announcing the risen Christ. They were authorized by Christ himself. Mark 16: 7. They did it promptly. John 20: 2. The message has lost none of its urgency and solemnity. We still have sisters who are capable of telling even preachers about Jesus, things they need to know. Those who cleave closest to Jesus, and have most of his Spirit, are the best teachers. "As the Spirit gave them utterance." Acts 2: 4.

## Home Circle.

### SUSIE'S NAME.

She was writing it in a schoolmate's autograph album, with her painstaking little hand—"Susie I Martin," but there was a tiny frown on her white forehead as she finished.

"I don't think it's nice to give girl's family names," she said. "When folks ask me what the middle letter of my name stands for, I always wish I could say 'Isabel,' or 'Ida' or 'Irene,' or some of those pretty names. 'Susie Ican Martin' is such a queer, plain name. One of the girls, when I told it the other day, just laughed. She said she knew about 'Achan,' because she'd read about him in the Sunday-school lessons, and he was a curse to the camp; but she had never heard of 'Ican' before. I wish it hadn't been my great aunt's name."

"It wasn't really," answered grandpa, looking at her with a sober smile as if his thoughts carried him far backward, and he

saw another little girl in her place. "She was just 'Susie Martin,' and we gave her the other name afterwards, but she liked it. She was my sister, you know, and I thought her the sweetest and dearest one a boy ever had, though she didn't have pretty dresses or white hands like yours—we were too poor for that.

"We had gone to the West and taken a little place that we hoped to make into a market-garden, but the second year father was taken down with chills and fever, and mother was so crippled with rheumatism that she could scarcely move about. Susie and I had to take care of them and do the best we could, and it was a pretty hard year, I can tell you.

"But Susie was a perfect sunbeam; she wouldn't look on the dark side of anything. Father used to look at her, and say between a laugh and a sigh that she had 'courage enough in her small body to stock a farm.' It was needed that spring and summer, for of course we couldn't carry out our plans about the garden; and it was hard to make plans that we could carry out. Mother would often say to some of our projects, 'Children, I don't believe you can carry that out.' But Susie was always prompt with her answer: 'Oh! yes, I'm pretty sure we can. I can,' until we all laughed at the words so often on her lips.

"Then one dreary day I sprained my ankle, so that, though I could hobble about the place, I knew it would be some days before I could do my accustomed work.

"Now, what are we to do?" I said dolefully. 'I can't go to town for anything, and there's no end of work to be done. And that grass in the meadow across the pond, that the man said I might have for our cow if I would take it away, will have to go to somebody else, though poor Bess needs it.'

"Don't you worry, Ben. You take care of your poor foot, and I'll take care of the things," said Susie, pityingly; 'I can.'

"In and out of the house she went, attending to this and that, and then we missed her. I had begun to wonder what had become of her, when I saw a queer green object that seemed to be sculling across the pond. As it came nearer I finally caught a glimpse of Susie's sun-bonnet behind it, and understood that it was a boat-load of grass that she was poling across. How she managed it I never really could tell, but she seemed to have a way of managing most things. It was in those days that we began to call her 'Susie Ican,' and the name clung to her always. Better times soon came to us, but I never forget her as she was then—dear little sun-

burned, brave, unselfish girl. She wasn't a bit like Achan, for she brought a blessing to the camp—a great big blessing.

"So when they talked of giving you her name, I wanted you to have it all—the way we used to call her. But if you don't like it"—

"Oh! I do! I can!" interrupted Susie, eagerly. "I didn't know it had such a meaning to it. Why, Grandpa, it seems like—I can't tell what I mean—but like a something to live up to."—*Kate W. Hamilton, in Morning Star.*

### MOTHERS, SPEAK LOW.

I know some houses, well built and handsomely furnished, where it is not pleasant to be even a visitor. Sharp, angry tones sound through them from morning till night; and the influence is as contagious as measles, and much more to be dreaded in a household. The children catch it and it lasts for life, an incurable disease. A friend has such a neighbor within hearing of her house when the doors and the windows are open, and even Poll Parrot has caught the tune and delights in screaming and scolding, until she has been sent into the country to improve her manners. Children catch cross tones quicker than parrots. Where mother sets the example you will scarcely hear a pleasant word among the children in their plays with each other. Yet the discipline of such a family is always weak and irregular. The children expect just so much scolding before they do anything they are bid; while those in many a home where the low, firm tone of the mother, or a decided look of her steady eye is law, never think of disobedience either in or out of her sight.

O mothers, it is worth a great deal to cultivate that "excellent thing in a woman," a low, sweet voice. If you are ever so much tired of the mischievous or wilful pranks of the little ones, speak low. It will be a great help to you to even try to be patient and cheerful, if you cannot wholly succeed. Anger makes you wretched and your children also. Impatient, angry tones never did the heart good, but evil. You cannot have the excuse for them that they lighten your burdens any; they make them only ten times heavier. For your own, as well as your children's sake, learn to speak low. They will remember that tone when your head is under the willows. So, too, would they remember a harsh and angry voice. Which legacy will you leave to your children?—*Sel.*

Before you try to destroy the Bible, sit down and ask yourself the sober question: "Has it ever made anybody better?"—*Ram's Horn.*